



P U D D I N G

A N D

D U M P L I N G

*Burnt to* P O T.





THE BRITISH MUSEUM

P U D D I N G

A N D

D U M I N G



Burnt to POT.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM



# *Pudding and Dumpling*

*Burnt to P O T.*

OR, A COMPLEAT

# K E Y

TO THE

# DISSERTATION

ON

# DUMPLING.

WHEREIN

All the MYSTERY of that dark Treatise  
is brought to Light ; in such a  
Manner and Method, that the  
meanest Capacity may know who  
and who's together.

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Published for the general Information of  
Mankind. By J. W. Author of 684  
Treatises.

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*Thuchi ! dandi ocatchu gao emousey.*

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L O N D O N :

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# P R E F A C E.

**I**T very much surprizes me that six Editions of a Mythological Pamphlet, entituled, A Dissertation on Dumpling, should escape your Notice of that wonderful Unriddler of Mysteries the ingenious Mr. E—— C--- who has at the same Time given such Proofs of his Abilities in his many and most elaborate Keys to Gulliver's Travels ; Keys, which Gulliver himself could never have found out ! and withal, so pertinent, that I shall esteem those at the Helm, no great Lovers of Learning, if my Friend Edmund be not forthwith promoted : for as the Sweetness of a Kernel

B is



is uncomatable, but by the Fracture of its Shell, so is the Beauty of a Mystery altogether hid, till the Expounder has riddlemayreed the Propounder's Problem, and render'd it obvious to the meanest Capacity.

The only Plea I can use in Mr. C—'s behalf, is, that the Author of the Dissertation has been a little too free with his Character, which probably occasioned that Sullenness in our British Oedipus ; who in Order to be revenged, has determined not to embellish the Work with his Interpretation, but rather let it rot and perish in Oblivion.

This, and nothing else, could be the Reason of so profound a Silence in so great a Mysterymonger, to remedy which Loss to the Publick, I an unworthy Scribler, and faint Copier of that great Artist, p̄sume with aching Heart, and trembling Hand, to draw the Veil which shades the political Pamphlet in Question ; and show it to my loving Countrymen in Puris Naturalibus.

If



*If I succeed in this, I hope Mr. L——t, who all the World knows is a rare Chap to his Authors, will speedily employ me to unriddle, or at least make a Plot to the Rival Modes, which it seems the Author has omitted : it is true, he ought to have given it the Bookseller with the Copy, but has not so done, which makes me wonder he is not sued for Breach of Covenant ; but what is that to me, if I get a Job by the Bargain ? Let Booksellers beware how they buy Plays without Plots for the future.*

*I narrowly miss'd solving the Problem called Wagner and Abericock ; Mr. B—— had spoke to Mr. W—— to speak to Mr. C——, who had just consented to employ me, after having made me abate half my Demand : But Houses running thin, Colley has undertaken the Job himself to save Charges ; intending at the same Time, to annex a severe Criticism on Pluto and Proserpine.*

*This, gentle Reader, will, I hope, induce you to look on me as a Writer of some Regard, and at the same Time,*



to make a little Allowance for whatever Errors my great Hurry may occasion, being obliged to write Night and Day, Sundays and working Days, without the least Assistance. All our Journeymen Writers being now turned Masters, I am left to shift for my self; but am bringing up my Wife to the Business, and doubt not but a long War, and our mutual Industry, may rub off old Scores, and make us begin a new Reckoning with all Mankind; Pamphleteering having been so dead for many Years last past, that (God forgive me!) I have been oftentimes tempted to write Treason for mere Sustenance.

But Thanks to better Stars and better Days, the Pen revives, and Authors flourish; more Money can be made now of a Play, nay, though it be a scurvy One, than Dryden got by all his Works. Therefore now or never is the Time to strike while the Iron is hot, to write my self out of Debt, and into Place, and then grow idle and laugh at the World, as my Betters have done before me.

I N T R O.





## INTRODUCTION.

**W**HEN a Book has met with Success, it never wants a Father; there being those good natured Souls in the World, who, rather than let Mankind think such Productions sprang of themselves, will own the Vagabond Brat, and thereby become Fathers of other Mens Offsprings.

This was the Fate of Dumpling, whose real Father did not take more Care to conceal himself, than some did to be thought its Author; but if any one will recollect the Time of its Publication, they will find it with-

in



in a Week after the Arrival of D—n S—t, from *Ireland*; the Occasion, as I am very well informed, was this, the D—n, one of the first Things he did, went to pay a Visit to Mr. T—, his old Bookseller; but, to his Surprise, found both the Brothers dead, and a Relation in the Shop, to whom he was an utter Stranger. Mr. M— for such is this Person's Name, gathering from the D—n's Enquiries who he was, paid him his *Devoirs* in the most respectful Manner, solicited his Friendship, and invited him to a Dinner, which the D—n was pleased to accept. By the Way, you must know, he is a great Lover of Dumpling, as well as the Bookseller, who had ordered one for himself, little dreaming of such a Guest that Day. The Dinner, as 'twas not provided on purpose, was but a Family one, well enough however for a Bookseller; that is to say, a couple of Fowls, Bacon and Sprouts boiled, and a Forequarter of  
of



of Lamb roasted. After the usual Complements for the unexpected Honour, and the old Apology of wishing it was better for his sake : The Maid, silly Girl ! came and asked her Master if he pleased to have his Dumpling ; he would have chid her, but the D——n mollified him, insisting at the same Time, upon the Introduction of Dumpling, which accordingly was done. Dumpling gave Cause of Conversation, but not till it was eat ; for the Reader must understand, that both the Gentlemen play a good Knife and Fork, and are too mannerly to talk with their Mouths full. The Dumpling eat, as I said before, the D——n drank to the Bookseller, the Bookseller to the Author, and with an obsequious Smile, seem'd to say ah ! Dear Doctor, you have been a Friend to my Predecessor, can you do nothing for me ? The D——n took the Hint, and after a profound Contemplation, cry'd, Why ay ——— Dumpling will do ———  
put



put me in Mind of Dumpling anon, but not a Word more at present, and good Reason why, Dinner was coming in. So they past the rest of the Meal with great Silence and Application, and no doubt dined well. Far otherwise was it with me that Day : I remember to my Sorrow, I had a Hogs Maw, without Salt or Mustard ; having at that Time, Credit with the Pork-Woman, but not with the Chaudler : Times are since mended, *Amen* to the Continuance !

The D——n, having eat and drank plentifully, began his usual Pleasantries, and made the Bookseller measure his Ears with his Mouth, nay, burst his Sides with Laughter ; however, he found Interval enough to remind the D——n of Dumpling, who asked him if he had a quick Hand at Writing : he excused himself, being naturally as Lazy as the other was Indolent, so they contrived to ease themselves by sending for a Hackney Writer

ter



ter out of *Temple Lane* to be the D—'s *Amanuensis*, while he and his new Acquaintance crack'd t'other Bottle.

This Account may be depended upon, because I had it from the Man himself, who scorns to tell a Lye.

To be short, my Friend had the worst of it, being kept to hard Writing, without Drinking (Churls that they were) about three Hours; in which Time the Dissertation was finished, that is to say, from Page 1. to Page 25. the rest might probably be done at some other leisure Time, to fill up the Chinks, but of that he knows nothing; sufficient is it that the D——n was the Author. Proceed we now to the other Discoveries, by drawing the Veil from before the Book it self.



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A  
KEY  
TO THE  
DISSERTATION  
ON  
DUMPLING.

**L** Shall begin with his Motto,  
which says, *What is bet-  
ter than a Pudding?* The  
Body owns its Power,  
the Mind, its Delicacy ; it will give  
Youth to grey Hairs, and Life to the  
most Desponding : Therefore are  
C 2 Pud-



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Pudding Eaters of great Use in State Affairs.

This Quotation is of a Piece with his Motto to the Tale of a Tub, and other Writings ; altogether Fictitious and Drole : he adds to the Jest, by putting an Air of Authority or genuine Quotation from some great Author ; when alas ! the whole is mere Farce and Invention.

The Dedication is one continued Sneer upon Authors, and their Patrons, and seems to carry a Glance of Derision towards Men of Quality in General ; by setting a Cook above them, as a more useful Member in a body Politick. Some will have this *Braund*, to be Sir \*\*\*\*, others Sir \*\*\*\*, others Sir \*\*\*\* ; but I take it to be more Railery than Mystery, and that Mr. *Braund*, at the *Rummer* in *Queen-street*, is the Person ; who having pleas'd the Author in two or three Entertainments, he, with a View truly *Epicurean*, constitutes him  
his



his *Mæcenæ* ; as being more agreeable to him than a whole Circle of Stars and Garters, of what Colour or Denomination soever.

In his Tale of a Tub, he has a fling at Dependance, and Attendance, where he talks of a Body worn out with Poxes ill cured, and Shooes with Dependance, and Attendance. Not having the Book by me, I am forced to quote at Random, but I hope the courteous Reader will bear me out. He complains of it again in this Treatise, and makes a Complement to Mr. *Austin*, Mr. *Braund*'s late Servant ; who keeps the *Braund*'s Head in *New Bond-street*, near *Hanover-Square* ; a House of great Elegance, and where he used frequently to dine.

The Distinction of *Brand*, *Braund*, and *Barnes*, is a Banter on Criticks, and Genealogists, who make such a Pother about the Orthography of Names and Things, that many Times, three Parts in four of a Folio Treatise,  
is



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is taken up in ascertaining the Propriety of a Syllable, by which Means the Reader is left undetermined; having nothing but the various Readings on a single Word, and that probably, of small Importance.

I heartily wish some of these Glossographists would oblige the World with a Folio Treatise or two, on the Word Rabbet: We shall then know whether it is to be spelt with an *e*, or an *i*. For, to the Shame of the *English* Tongue and this learned Age, our most eminent Physicians, Surgeons, Anatomists and Men Midwives, have all been to seek in this Affair.

St. André,

Howard,

Braithwaite,

Ablers and

Manningham,

Spell it  
with  
an *e*.

Douglas

and the Gentleman who  
calls himself

Gulliver,

Spell it  
with  
an *i*.

And some of these great Wits, have such short Memories, that they  
spell



## On DUMPLING. 15

spell it both Ways in one and the same Page.

The Master-Key to this Mystery, is the Explanation of its Terms; for Example, by *Dumpling* is meant a Place, or any other Reward or Encouragement. A *Pudding* signifies a P——t, and sometimes a C——tee. A *Dumpling Eater*, is a Dependant on the Court, or, in a Word, any one who will rather pocket an Affront than be angry at a Tip in Time. A *Cook* is a Minister of State. The *Epicurean* and *Peripatetic* Sects, are the two Parties of *Whigg* and *Tory*, who both are greedy enough of *Dumpling*.

The Author cannot forbear his old Sneer upon Foreigners, but says, in his 1st Page, “ That finding it a Land of  
“ Plenty, they wisely resolved never to  
“ go home again,” and in his 2d, “ Nay,  
“ so zealous are they in the Cause of  
“ *Bacchus*, that one of the Chief a-  
“ mong them, made a Vow never  
“ to say his Prayers till he has a  
“ Ta-



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“ Tavern of his own in every Street  
“ in London, and in every Market-  
“ Town in *England*: If he does not  
mean Sir *J— T—* I know not  
who he means.

By the Invention of *Eggs*, Page 4.  
is meant *Perquisites*. “ He cannot con-  
“ clude a Paragraph, in his 5th Page,  
“ without owning he received that  
“ important Part of the History of  
“ Pudding, from old Mr. *Lawrence* of  
“ *Wilsden Green*, the greatest Antiqua-  
“ ry of the present Age.

This old *Lawrence* is a great Fa-  
vourite of the D—s; he is a facetious  
Farmer, of above eighty Years of Age,  
now living at *Wilsden Green*, near *Kil-  
burn* in *Middlesex*, the most rural Place  
I ever saw: exactly like the Wilds of  
*Ireland*. It was here the D—n often  
retired *incog.* to amuse himself with  
the Simplicity of the Place and People;  
where he got together all that Rig-  
mayroll of Childrens talk, which com-  
poses his *Namby Pamby*. Old *Law-  
rence*



rence told me, the D—n has fate several Hours together to see the Children play, with the greatest Pleasure in Life : The rest he learned from the old Nurses thereabouts, of which there are a great many, with whom he would go and smoke a Pipe frequently, and cordially ; not in his Clergyman's Habit, but in a black Suit of Cloth Clothes, and without a Rose in his Hat : Which made them conclude him to be a Presbyterian Parson.

This Mention of old *Lawrence*, is in Ridicule to a certain great Artist, who wrote a Treatise upon the Word *Connoisseur* (or a Knower) and confesses himself to have been many Years at a loss for a Word to express the Action of Knowing, till the great Mr. *Prior* gave him Ease, by furnishing him with the Word *Connoissance*. Our D-n had drawn a Drole, Parallel to this, viz. *Boudineur*, a Pudding Pyeman ; and *Boudinance*, the making of  
D Pud-



## 18 *A Key to the Dissertation*

Pudding Pies : But several Men of Quality begging it off, it was, at their Request, scratch'd out, but my Friend, the *Amanuensis*, remembers particularly its being originally inserted.

If the Reader should ask, Who is that K— *John* mentioned in the fourth Page, and which I ought to have taken in its Place. I beg leave to inform him, that by K. *John* is meant the late Q. —, with whom the D— of M— was many Years in such great Favour, that he was nick named K. *John* ; it was in that Part of the Q—'s Reign, that Sir *John* Pudding, by whom is meant \*\*\*\* *you know who*, came in Favour ; it is true, the Name is odd, and seems to carry an Air of Ridicule with it, but the Character given him by this allegorical Writer, is that of an able Statesman, and an honest Man.

And here, begging Mr. D—n's Pardon, I cannot but think his Wit has out run his Judgment ; for he puts  
the



the Cart before the Horse, and begins at the latter Part of Sir \*\*\*\* Administration : But this might be owing to too plentiful a Dinner, and too much of the Creature. Be that as it will, I must follow my Copy, and explain it as it lies. Proceed we therefore to the Dissertation, *Page 6.*

“ But what rais’d our Hero most  
 “ in the Esteem of this Pudding-eating  
 “ Monarch, was his second Edition  
 “ of Pudding, he being the first that  
 “ ever invented the Art of broiling  
 “ Puddings, which he did to such Per-  
 “ fection, and so much to the King’s  
 “ liking (who had a mortal Aversion  
 “ to cold Pudding) that he thereupon  
 “ instituted him Knight of the Grid-  
 “ iron, and gave him a Gridiron of  
 “ Gold, the Ensign of that Order ;  
 “ which he always wore as a Mark  
 “ of his Sovereign’s Favour.”

If this does not mean the late Revival of an ancient Order of Knighthood, I never will unriddle Mystery



## 20 *A Key to the Dissertation*

more : To prove which, we need but cross over to the next Page, where he tells us, “ Sir *John* had always a “ Squire, who followed him, bearing “ a huge Pair of Spectacles to saddle “ his Honour’s Nose.” *Diss. Page 7.*

After this, he very severely runs upon those would-be Statesmen, who put themselves in Competition with his Favourite, Sir \*\*\*\*, with whom he became exceeding intimate, and almost inseperable, all the Time he was in *England.*

The Story of the Kit Cat Club, *Dick Estcourt*, and *Jacob Tonson*, is a mere Digression ; and nothing more to the Purpose, than that we may imagine it came uppermost. He returns to his Subject in his 9th *Page.*

“ Now it was Sir *John*’s Method, “ every *Sunday* Morning, to give the “ Courtiers a Breakfast ; which Break- “ fast was every Man his Dumpling, “ and Cup of Wine : For you must “ know, he was Yeoman of the “ Wine-



“ Wine-Cellar at the same Time.

The Breakfast is Sir \*\*\* Levee, the Yeomanship of the Wine-Cellar, is the \*\*\*.

The Author of the Dissertation, is a very bad Chronologist ; for at *Page* 10. we are obliged to go back to the former Reign, where we shall find the lubberly Abbots (*i. e.*) the High Church Priests, misrepresenting Sir *John's* Actions, and never let the Q— alone, till poor Sir *John* was discarded.

“ This was a great Eye-fore, and  
 “ Heart-burning to some lubberly  
 “ Abbots, who lounged about the  
 “ Court ; they took it in great Dudge-  
 “ on they were not invited, and stuck  
 “ so close to his Skirts, that they ne-  
 “ ver rested till they outed him. They  
 “ told the King, who was naturally  
 “ very hasty, that Sir *John*, made-  
 “ away with his Wine, and feasted  
 “ his *Paramours* at his Expence ;  
 “ and not only so, but they were  
 “ form-



## 22 *A Key to the Dissertation*

“ forming a Design against his Life,  
“ which they in Conscience ought to  
“ discover : That Sir *John* was not  
“ only an Heretic, but an Heathen ;  
“ nay, worse, they fear’d he was a  
“ Witch, and that he had bewitch’d  
“ his Majesty into that unaccountable  
“ Fondness for a *Pudding-Maker*. They  
“ assured the King, that on a *Sunday*  
“ Morning, instead of being at Mat-  
“ tins, he and his Trigrimates got  
“ together hum jun, all snug, and  
“ perform’d many hellish and diabo-  
“ lical Ceremonies. In short, they  
“ made the King believe that the  
“ Moon was made of Green-Cheese :  
“ And to shew how the Innocent may  
“ be bely’d, and the best Intentions  
“ misrepresented, they told the King,  
“ That he and his Associates offered  
“ Sacrifices to *Ceres* : When, alas, it  
“ was only the Dumplings they eat.  
“ The Butter which was melted and  
“ poured over them, these vile Mis-  
“ creants, called *Libations* : And the  
“ friendly



“ friendly Compotations of our Dum-  
 “ pling Eaters, were called *Bacchan-*  
 “ *lian Rites*. Two or three among  
 “ them being sweet tooth’d, would  
 “ strew a little Sugar over their Dum-  
 “ plings ; this was represented as an  
 “ *Heathenish Offering*. In short, not  
 “ one Action of theirs, but which these  
 “ rascally Abbots made criminal, and  
 “ never let the King alone till Sir  
 “ *John* was discarded ; not but the  
 “ King did it with the greatest Re-  
 “ luctance ; but they made it a reli-  
 “ gious Concern, and he could not  
 “ get off on’t. *Diff. pag. 10.*

All the World knows that the *Tory*  
 Ministry got uppermost, for the four  
 last Years of the Queen’s Reign, and  
 by their unaccountable Management,  
 teaz’d that good Lady out of her Life:  
 Which occasion’d the D—n in his ele-  
 venth Page to say ; “ Then too late he  
 “ saw his Error ; then he lamented the  
 “ Loss of Sir *John* ; and in his latest  
 “ Moments, would cry out, Oh !  
 “ that



## 24 *A Key to the Dissertation*

“ that I had never parted from my  
“ dear *Jack-Pudding* ! Would I had  
“ never left off Pudding and Dum-  
“ pling ! then I had never been thus  
“ basely poison’d ! never thus treache-  
“ rously sent out of the World !——  
“ Thus did this good King lament :  
“ But alas ! to no purpose, the Priest  
“ had given him his Bane, and Com-  
“ plaints were ineffectual.

This alludes to Sir \*\*\*\* Imprison-  
ment and Disgrace in the Year —  
Nay, so barefaced is the D—n in his  
Allegory, that he tells us, in his 12th  
Page, *Norfolk* was his Asylum. This  
is as plain as the Nose on a Man’s  
Face ! The subsequent Pages are an ex-  
act Description of the Ingratitude of  
Courtiers ; and his Fable of the *Court  
Pudding*, Page 13. is the best Part of  
the whole Dissertation.

One would imagine the D—n had  
been at Sea, by his writing *Catharp-  
ing-Fashion*, and dodging the Story  
sometimes Twenty-Years backwards,



at other Times advancing as many ; so that one knows not where to have him : for in his fifteenth Page, he returns to the present Scene of Action, and brings his Hero into the Favour of K—  
*Harry, alias \*\*\*\** who being sensible of his Abilities, restores him into Favour, and makes Use of his admirable Skill in Cookery, *alias* State Affairs.

“ Not one of the King’s Cooks  
“ could make a Pudding like Sir  
“ *John*; nay, though he made a Pud-  
“ ding before their Eyes, yet they,  
“ out of the very same Materials,  
“ could not do the like : Which made  
“ his old Friends, the Monks, attri-  
“ bute it to Witchcraft, and it was  
“ currently reported the Devil was  
“ his Helper. But good King *Harry*  
“ was not to be fobb’d off so ; the  
“ Pudding was good, it sat very well  
“ on his Stomach, and he eat very  
“ favourly, without the least Re-  
“ morse of Conscience.” *Diff. Page 15.*



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This seems to hint at the Opposition Sir \*\*\*\* met with from the contrary Party, and how sensible the K— was, that they were all unable to hold the Staff in Competition with him.

After this the D—n runs into a whimsical Description of his Heroes personal Virtues; but draws the Picture too much *Alla Carraccatura*, and is, in my Opinion, not only a little too familiar, but wide of his Subject. For begging his Deanship's Pardon, he mightily betrays his Judgment, when he says, Sir *John* was no very great Scholar, whereas all Men of Learning allow him to be a most excellent one; but as we may suppose he grew pretty warm by this Time with the Book-sellers Wine, he got into his old Knack of Raillery, and begins to run upon all Mankind: In this Mood he falls upon C— J—n, and Sir R— Bl—re, a Pair of twin Poets, who suck'd one and the same Muse. After  
this



this he has a Fling at *Handel*, *Bononcini* and *Attilio*, the Opera Composers ; and a severe Sneer on the late High-Church Idol, *Sacheverel*. As for *Chuer*, the Printer, any Body that knows Music, or *Bow Church Yard*, needs no farther Information.

And now he proceeds to a Digression, which is indeed the Dissertation itself ; proving all Arts and Sciences to owe their Origin and Existence to *Pudding* and *Dumpling* (*i. e.*) Encouragement. His *Hiatus* in the 20th Page, I could, but dare not Decypher.

In his 22d Page, he lashes the Authors who oppose the Government ; such as the *Craftsman*, *Occasional Writer*, and other Scribblers, past, present, and to come. *The Dumpling-Eaters Downfal*, is a Title of his own Imagination ; I have run over all *Wilford's Catalogues*, and see no Mention made of such a Book : All that Paragraph therefore is a mere Piece of Rablascism.



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In his 23d Page, he has another confounded Fling at Foreigners ; and after having determinately dubb'd his Hero, the Prince of Statesmen, he concludes his Dissertation with a Mess of Drollery, and goes off in a Laugh.

In a Word, the whole Dissertation seems calculated to ingratiate the D—n in Sir \*\*\*\* Favour ; he draws the Picture of an able and an honest Minister, painful in his Countries Service, and beloved by his Prince ; yet oftentimes misrepresented and bely'd : Nay, sometimes on the Brink of Ruin, but always Conqueror. The Fears, the Jealousies, the Misrepresentations of an enraged and disappointed Party, give him no small Uneasiness to see the Ingratitude of some Men, the Folly of others, who shall believe black to be white, because prejudiced and designing Knaves alarm 'em with false Fears. We see every Action misconstrued, and Evil made out of Good ; but as the best Per-



Persons and Things are subject to Scandal and Ridicule ; so have they the Pleasure of Triumphant in the Truth, which always will prevail.

I take the Allegory of this Dissertation to be partly Historical, partly Prophetical ; the D—n seeming to have carried his View, not only to the present, but even, succeeding Times. He sets his Hero down at last in Peace, Plenty, and a happy Retirement, not unrelented by his Prince ; his Honesty apparent, his Enemies baffled and confounded, and his Measures made the Standard of good Government ; and a Pattern for all just Ministers to follow.

Thus, gentle Reader, have I, at the Expence of these poor Brains, crack'd this thick Shell, and given thee the Kernel. If any should object, and say this Exposition is a Contradiction to the D—n's Principles ; I assure such Objector, that the D—n is an errant *Whig* by Education, and Choice : He may indeed cajole the *Tories*  
I with



30 *A Key to the Dissertation, &c.*

with a Belief that he is of their Party; but it is all a Joke, he is a *Whig*, and I know him to be so; Nay more, I can prove it, and defy him to contradict me; did he not just after his Arrival and Promotion in *Ireland*, writing to one of his intimate Friends in *London*, conclude his Letter in this Manner?

*Thus Dear \*\*\*\* from all that has occur'd, you must conclude me a Tory in every Thing, but my Principle, which is yet as unmoved, as, that I am,*

*Yours, &c.*

This Letter, his Tale of a Tub, and in a Word, all his Invectives against Enthusiasm and Priestcraft, plainly prove him to be no *Tory*; and if his Intimacy, not only with Sir \*\*\*\* himself, but most of the prime Men in the Ministry, cannot prove him a *Whig*, I have no more to say.

14 MA 64  
F I N I S.





## *Advertisement to the Curious.*

**T**HE Author is Night and Day at Work (in order to get published before the *Spaniards* have raised the Siege of *Gibraltar*) a Treatise, entituled, *Truth brought to light, or D—n S——t's Wilden Prophecy unfolded*; being a full Explanation of a Prophetical Poem, called *Namby Pamby*, which, by most People, is taken for a Banter on an eminent Poet, now in *Ireland*; when in Fact, it is a true Narrative of the Siege of *Gibraltar*, the Defeat of the *Spaniards*, and Success of the *British* Arms. The Author doubts not in this Attempt to give manifest Proof of his Abilities, and make it apparent to all Mankind, that he can see as clearly through a Milstone, as any other Person can through the best Optic *Martial* or *Scarlet* ever made; and that there is more in many Things, not taken Notice of, than the Generality of People are aware of.